

Our estimated foreign population is not far below 14,000,000.

Illinois is probably the only state in the Union in which forest trees are increasing.

The credit of New York city is good enough to enable it to borrow money at 2 1/2 per cent.

There are nearly 6,000,000 acres of waste land in England which are capable of being cultivated.

Professor Sousa, who leads the famous Washington Marine Band, says that America has no national air.

Statistician Poor computes the funded indebtedness of the railroad companies of this country at \$1,621,035,023.

It is stated as a fact that Ohio has 40,373 white voters unable to write; Pennsylvania, 65,385, and New York, 76,745.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington is making arrangements, announces the Boston Cultivator, for the introduction in this country of new varieties of wheat to take the place of those which have deteriorated.

A curious exploration is now being undertaken in a vast region of Scandinavia, which has practically remained wild for nearly a hundred years, when whole villages, as well as homesteads and farms, were deserted on account of an epidemic.

In an article on the crops of the present year the London Times says: "The season has apparently been on the whole so favorable that it has been said at many points that if the weather had been specially ordered it could not have been better."

Fifty years ago there were probably not more than 30,000 to 100,000 acres of fruit land in Great Britain. In 1872, the date of the first reliable record, it had increased to nearly 170,000 acres, and Mr. Whitehead, a well-known authority, estimates the present acreage at about 214,000 acres.

Bismarck's new law for workmen, which has met the approval of the German Federal Council, makes special provision for the suppression of strikes. A strike is defined as a conspiracy, and severe punishment is provided for those who may take part in it. The promoters of strikes are declared to be public enemies, who may be either imprisoned or exiled.

It really appears, comments the New York World, that the remainder of our natural lives needs to be spent in unearthing what we learned in school. We were "kept in after school" for not knowing the location of the Kong Mountains in Africa, and now Captain Biagier, who has spent two years in exploring that part of Africa where we failed to put them has returned and declares that there are no such mountains.

Electrician Edison, while at the Paris Exposition, saw a chisel worked by hydraulic pressure. "That," said he, "will save me \$6000 a year." He is much struck by the laziness of the Parisian life. "One sees nothing but elaborate loafing," he remarks. "When do they all work? The glory of the Eiffel tower is only in the magnitude of the conception and the nerve in executing; the rest is only bridge building. We will do 100 per cent. better than Eiffel."

Labouchere, the gossip editor of the London Truth, says there are two Boulangers: the ideal, who combines all the qualities of Cesar de Lion, Bertrand du Guesclin and Launcelot; and the real, a middle-aged gentleman who has never distinguished himself in any manner whatsoever, who mounts painfully on a steady roadster, is tolerated in a certain lion-hunting division of London society, but is politely though studiously ignored by the better and more exclusive portion thereof.

"Says the New York Tribune: 'The hackmen have at last found a friend—after making many enemies. The friend is A. B. Arthur, an eccentric farmer of Marion, Mo., who died in June. By his will he has bequeathed \$50,000 to found a home for 'indigent hackmen.' The strangest circumstance in relation to the will is, that there are few hackmen in that portion of Missouri. The relatives of Mr. Arthur, of course, intend to contest the will on the ground that he was not in his right mind when he made it.'"

#### Excelsior Bread.

Six o'clock p. m., is early enough to start bread. For four loaves take a quart and a half of water hot enough to bear your finger in, but not enough to scald the flour, one tablespoonful of salt, flour to make a thick batter and one large cup of the yeast. Cover and let stand in a warm place over night. Stir in a scant half cup of sugar, then mix in the flour a little at a time till you can knead it without its sticking to the dish, always keeping the sides of the dish free of pieces of dough. Cover it up and let it rise again. Then knead, make into loaves, put into tins, prick all over with a fork, and let them raise until in lifting the tin, their weight is light; bake in a moderate oven an hour; put on a cloth in a cool place, without covering and the crust will be soft.

Old Ago.  
When on the furrowed cheeks of Ago  
Care's hollow wrinkles show,  
The old man turns his life's last page  
With trembling hand and slow.  
Dark lower the skies; in every sound  
Death's mournful dirge he hears;  
And wearily the days go round,  
The weeks, the months, the years.  
The lady of his love, alas!  
Hath closed her gentle eyes,  
With but one tiny tuft of grass  
To show him where she lies.  
"Old wife of mine!" he whispers low,  
"Above thy grave I see  
The star of Faith, whose beams I know,  
Shall guide me soon to thee!"

#### WON AT SIGHT.

We had been upon the Mediterranean station for about a year, when our commander ordered the ship to head for Marseilles.

I was then a young midshipman, and enjoyed the leave on shore in a foreign port with boyish delight. There were six in our mess, and we managed to get shore leave so as to be together, when it was possible to do so. This was the case one fine Sunday in the month of December, as mild and summer-like in the south of France as a New England May day.

The singular experience of one of our number I have often told since about the mess table or camp fire, but have never put it into print.

We were strolling on the square known as Le Cours St. Louis, a sort of permanent flower market, where the women sit enthroned in tent-like stalls of wood, encircled by their bright, beautiful and fragrant wares, while the manner of arranging the stalls, so that the vender sits raised some six feet in the air, gave a novel effect to the scene.

We watched with special delight these black-eyed, black-haired and rosy-cheeked girls, the blush of health in their faces fairly rivaling that of their scarlet flowers. With busy fingers they arranged in dainty combinations the vivid and delicate colors, relieved by fresh green leaves and trailing vines of sunnax, while we young middies joked pleasantly with them and bought fabulous quantities of bouquets.

While we were idling away the hour in Le Cours St. Louis, with these roguish and pretty flower venders, we were all thrown into a state of amazement and curiosity by the appearance of a young girl of about 17, who rushed among us with a startling speed, and who, hardly pausing to regain her breath, said, in excellent English:

"You are Americans, and I trust, gentlemen. Is there one among you who will marry me?"

"We will all marry you," was the instant response, accompanied by hearty laughter.

"Ah, you are in sport, but I am in earnest. Who will marry me?"

There seemed to be no joke after all. The girl was positively in earnest and looked at one and all of us as coolly, yet earnestly, as possible.

"Here, Harry," said one who was rather a leader among us, and addressing Harry, "you want a wife," and he gave our comrade a slight push toward the girl.

For some singular reason Harry took the matter much more in earnest than the rest of us, and regarded the newcomer with a most searching but respectful glance. Approaching her he said:

"I do not know exactly what you mean, but I can understand by your expression of face that you are quite in earnest. Will you take my arm and let us walk to one side?"

"Yes; but I have no time to lose," and taking his arm, they walked away together.

We looked upon the affair as some well-prepared joke, but were a little annoyed at the non-appearance of Harry at our rendezvous on the quay. Our two ex-ired at sunset, and we dared not wait for him, as Captain D— was a thorough disciplinarian, and we didn't care to provoke him and thus endanger our next Sunday's leave.

On board we went, therefore, leaving Harry on shore. When we reported the question was, of course, asked where Midshipman B— was, to which query we could return no proper answer, as we really did not know. He knew perfectly well that we must all be at the boat landing just before sunset. It was plain enough to us all that there was trouble brewing for our messmate.

Harry did not make his appearance until the next day at noon, when he pulled the ship in a shore boat, and, coming on board, reported at once to the captain, who stood upon the quarter deck, and asked the privilege of a private interview.

The circumstances connected with the absence of Harry were very peculiar, and he was one of the most correct fellows on board, his request was granted by the captain, who retired to his cabin, followed by the delinquent. After remaining with the commander for nearly an hour, he came out and joined us.

"What is the upshot of it, Harry?" we asked.

"Well, lads, I'm married—that's all."

"Married?" asked the mess, in one voice.

"Tied for life!" was the answer.

"Hard and fast?"

"Irrevocably."

"To that little craft you succumbed with?"

"Exactly. As good and pure a girl as ever lived," said Harry, earnestly.

"W-h-e-w!" whispered one and all.

"How did Old Neptune let you off?" we all eagerly inquired—that being the name the captain went by on board.  
"He is hard on me," said Harry, seriously. "What do you think he demands, lads?"  
"Can't say; what is it?"  
"If I don't resign, he will send me home in disgrace." That's his ultimatum."  
"W-h-e-w!" again from all hands.  
"Let's get up a petition for Harry," suggested one.  
"It's of no use, lads, I know he means what he says. He has given me a while to think it over."

It was all up with Harry.  
Capt. D— was a severe, but an excellent officer, and he had only given the delinquent the alternative of resigning or being sent home in disgrace. The fact that he had got married in the manner he described, in place of palliating matters, only aggravated the captain beyond measure. He declared it was a disgrace to the service, and a breach of propriety not to be overlooked.

Harry told us his story in a desultory manner, interrupted by many questions and ejaculations, but which we will put into a simple form for the convenience of the reader.

Julie Maurice was the orphan child of a merchant, who had been of high-standing during his life, and who left a handsome fortune to endow his daughter on her wedding day, or, if not married before, she was to receive the property on coming to the age of 20 years. Her mother had died in her infancy, and the father, when she was 10 years of age, placed her in a convent to be educated, where she remained until his death, which occurred suddenly, six months previous to the period of our sketch.

After his death Julie became the ward of her uncle, by the tenor of her father's will, and the period of her educational course having just closed at the convent, Hubert Maurice, the uncle, brought her home to his family circle. Madame Maurice, it appears, was a scheming, calculating woman, and knowing that Julie would be an heiress, she tried every way to promote her intimacy with her own son, who was an uneducated and ignorant youth of 18 years without one attractive point in his character.

Hubert Maurice, the uncle of Julie, was a sea captain, whose calling carried him much away from his home. During his absence his wife treated Julie with the utmost tyranny, even keeping her locked up in her room for days together, telling her that when she would consent to marry her son, Hubert, she would release her and do all she could to make her happy. But to this Julie could not consent. Imprisonment even was preferable to accepting her awkward and repulsive cousin.

One day she overheard a conversation between her aunt and her hopeful son, wherein the mystery of her treatment was solved.

The boy asked his mother what was the use of bothering and importuning Julie so.

"If she doesn't want to marry me, mother, drop the matter. I like Julie, and she would make me a nice little wife, but I don't want her against her will."

"You are a fool," said the mother. "You know nothing about the matter. Her father's will endows her with a fortune at her marriage, even if it be at 17, just her present age. At 20 she receives the fortune at any rate. Now, don't you see if you marry her we are all fixed for life?"

"Does Julie know about the money?" he asked.

"No, of course not."

"It's a little sharp on her," said the boy.

"I'm looking out for you," said the mother.

"Just so," mused the hopeful.

"I am resolved that she shall marry you, and that is why I keep her locked up, so that she may not see some one she would like better."

"Lots of money, eh? Well, mother, let's go in and win. When shall it be?"

"It must be at once."

"The sooner the better."

"Your father is expected home next week. I want you to be married before he returns. He approves of it, but is a little too delicate about pressing matters so quickly. I know that no time is like the present time, so I have been making arrangements to bring this about immediately."

This was enough for Julie. She understood the situation fully now, and saw that her aunt would hesitate at nothing. The poor child feared her beyond description and had yielded to her in everything, save this one purpose of her marriage with Hubert.

Julie was a very gentle girl; one upon whom her aunt could impose with impunity. She had no idea of asserting her rights, much less of standing up for them. But she was thoroughly frightened now, and resolved to escape at any cost from the tyranny which bound her. No fate could be worse she thought than to be compelled to marry that coarse, vulgar and repulsive creature.

Yes, she would run away at once. The poor child—for she was little more—had not asked herself where she should go. She had no other relations that she knew of in the world, and the isolated life she had always led had caused her to form no intimacies, or even to make friends with those of her

own age. Indeed with this prospective fortune, yet she was virtually alone and unprotected, and without a relation whom she did not look upon as her enemy.

The next day after Julie had heard this information was Sunday, the gayest day of the week in Marseilles, and, fortunately, Julie succeeded in making her escape from her aunt's house. Still undecided where to go, and in her desperation fearing that at any moment she might be seized and carried back, she had wandered into the flower market, where she came upon us, already described.

As she explained to Harry afterward, she was intent only upon escape, and believed this to be her last chance. When she saw a half dozen young Americans, who seemed perfectly respectable, the idea that positive safety lay only in marriage dawned upon her, and she actually ran toward us, as we have related, the moment the thought developed itself.

Harry became more and more impressed with Julie's story as they walked along, while he was delighted by her innocent beauty and manifest refinement. It was all like a dream, almost too romantic for truth. Our "fate" sometimes comes to us in this singular fashion, he thought. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Suddenly he turned to her and said:

"Dare you trust me with your happiness?"

She looked at him thoughtfully with her soft, pleading eyes. Her brain was very busy; she remembered what awaited her at home, what had driven her thence, and then, in reply to his sober question, she put both of her hands into his with child-like trust.

They wandered on. Julie had always plenty of money in her purse, and they strolled into a little chapel on their way, where they found a young clergyman, who could not resist their request to marry them, and so, though reluctantly and advising proper delay, he performed the marriage ceremony, aided by the sexton and his wife, who each received a Napoleon.

As an inducement, Harry had also told the clergyman that he was just going to sea, and that he must be married before he sailed, that not even one hour was to be lost.

Julie came out of the chapel the wife of Harry B., who went with her to the Hotel du Louvre. From here he sent a pressing note to the American Consul, who came to him early the next morning, and by the earnest persuasion of Harry, the consul agreed to take the young wife to his own house, until matters should be settled as it regarded her future course. In the consul's house, Julie found a pleasant and safe retreat for the time being.

Whatever might be said with regard to the propriety of the young folk's conduct, it could not be undone. They were irrevocably united as husband and wife. Harry was forced, however, to resign his commission. By the aid of the Consul, Julie's rights in relation to her fortune under her father's will were fully realized, and she came almost immediately with her young husband to America.

Harry B., by means of proper influence once more entered the navy, the second time as lieutenant, and now wears a captain's epaulets.—New York News.

#### Steamship Mail Sorters.

The railroad companies in this country have attached to their mail trains a postal car in which the mails are sorted while on the way to their destination, thereby saving time and labor in the postoffices and facilitating delivery at the end of the journey. This system has been found to work with great advantage to the postal service, as well as to those engaged in correspondence.

It is now proposed that the various foreign steamships bringing mails to this country, or taking them hence, shall have a clerk on board, whose duty it shall be during the voyage to sort the mails according to a recognized schedule, so that on reaching the point of distribution the time and labor required for the sorting shall not be necessitated. Should the countries in the Postal Union agree to such a plan, the time required for the distribution of the mail matter will be much shortened. To the mercantile community this is expected to be of great advantage, as it will often enable merchants to reply to their correspondents by earlier mails and facilitate many business transactions.—New York Mail and Express.

Fight Between An Oyster and Fish.  
One old fisherman tells of a fight between a big oyster and a little fish which he saw last season. It was a fight "to a finish," and one the like of which he never saw before. The young starfish approached the open oyster and slowly settled down upon it. The shell sprang together with a snap and the fish, which had settled upon it with five rays, bobbed suddenly up with only four. The oyster again dropped his blinds and awaited a second attack. He didn't have to wait long. Slowly the fish began to drop until he was again a straddle of the oyster, when a repetition of the former sound occurred, and he now had three rays instead of five. Three times more this was enacted and then the fish keeled over, dead.

A man must be pretty sick of work when he throws up his job.

#### DIAMOND FIELDS.

A Natal Millionaire Tells About the Precious Stones.

Their First Discovery, and How They are Obtained.

John Agnew, a wealthy resident of Natal, who recently arrived in this country, gave a reporter for the New York Times an interesting account of life and business in the diamond fields. "The centre of business in the diamond fields," he said, "is Kimberly, a city of over 60,000 inhabitants. It has excellent police and sanitary regulations, and is situated on table land in the midst of a sterile sandy plain, about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is exceedingly cold in winter, and it is not unusual to find Kaffirs who have been drinking heavily at night frozen to death in the streets in the morning. The city is surrounded by the four principal diamond mines—the Kimberly, the Old De Beers, the Dutoit Span, and the Bultfontein.

"Everybody in and about Kimberly is in the diamond business. There is no agriculture. Provisions are brought from Natal or Cape Town or by the Boers in wagons three or four hundred miles overland. Going there from Natal you travel about 300 miles by rail and 300 miles by wagon. Nobody is allowed to sell diamonds in Kimberly without a license, and nobody is allowed to buy them without a permit. If a stranger is found with a rough diamond in his possession without a permit he is arrested, taken before a magistrate and is liable to be sent to jail for three years. I came very near being caught that way myself on my first visit. I had bought a nine-carat diamond from a broker whom I knew very well, when he asked me if I had a permit. I told him no and he replied: 'Here is your money; give me back the diamond. We will both get into trouble.' Then I got a permit. The diamonds are taken now from a stratum of blue clay 800 feet below the surface. This clay, which is always as hard as a rock, is brought up in blocks and broken upon vast uncovered platforms. Some of the larger diamonds are found in the breaking up. The work is done by natives, who are divided into gangs of six, with a white overseer for each gang. Both the overseers and the men get a percentage on the diamonds they find, as well as fixed wages. When the natives quit work or come up from the mines they are stripped and searched, and even their mouths are examined. After the clay has been broken upon the platform it is sprinkled with water and allowed to dry in the sun. Then it crumbles and is taken to the washers.

"You remember, of course, how the diamond fields were discovered. It was in 1869, I think, or thereabouts, that a Hottentot child playing in the sand found a bright stone. Its father carried the stone to a Dutch trader near the coast, who gave him an old wagon, some oxen and goats for it. The Dutchman carried it to Cape Town and sold it for £5000. That stone was the famous Star of Africa, afterward purchased by the Prince of Wales for, I think, £30,000. It was found on the plains about thirty miles from Kimberly. J. B. Robertson, now one of the richest men in South Africa, was then a peddler. He went into the interior shortly after the discovery of that stone and returned with handfuls of diamonds. Then followed the rush to the diamond fields."

Hay For New York.  
Nobody knows just how many horses there are in New York, but a glance at the hay that is devoured every year in this town would surprise almost anybody. Two and a half million bales of hay are wheeled into the city every twelvemonth, and the cry for more is beginning to be heard. About a quarter of a century ago the country along the Hudson River, south of Albany, were able to furnish the city with all the hay it needed, and twenty-five barges made weekly trips for forty weeks of the year to bring the crop to market. Now it comes from every part of the state and Ohio and Indiana are called upon to help supply the demand. Hay comes from even as far west as Kansas. When it finally brings up on Manhattan Island after its travels it is classified into three grades and the price is adjusted to the quality. The average value is about fifteen dollars a ton, and of course the biggest part of it is gathered in by the street railway companies. More than \$6,000 worth of hay arrives every day and most of it comes in over the Western railroads. Suppose all the hay that is eaten here in a year were piled up in Madison Square what a mountain it would make! It would open the eyes of everybody to the size of our equine population.—Chicago Herald.

Pay of Chinese Servants.  
A rich man's servant in China gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to servants of the common people, but few make applications. The perquisites of the former often more than triple the salaries of the latter, which is the sole reason of these differences. To encourage honesty and sincerity confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business, besides their regular salary.

#### Names of Plants.

The number of countries which have contributed their quota to the nomenclature of English plants is legion. Beginning with France we have the dent de lion—lion's tooth—whence we derive our dandelion. The flower-de-luce, again, which Mr. Dyer thinks was a name applied to the iris, comes to us through the French fleur de Louis—tradition asserting that this plant was worn as a device by King Louis VII. of France. Buckwheat is derived from the Dutch word bockweit, and adder's tongue from a word in the same language, addle stong. In like manner the name tulip is traceable to the word thoublyban in the Persian language—signifying a turban. So, too, our English word lilac is nothing more than an anglicized form of another word in the Persian tongue, viz., lilag. A large number of plants owe their names to those by whom they were first discovered and introduced into other climes. The fuchsia stands indebted for its name to Leonard Fuchs, an eminent German botanist, and the dahlia was so named in honor of a Swedish botanist named Dahl. A long list of plant names might be formed which bear what might be termed animal and bird prefixes—as, for example, horse beans, horse chestnuts, dog violets and dog roses; cats' faces, a name applied to the plant known to botanical students as the viola tricolor; cat's eyes, veronica chamaedrys; cat's tails and catkins. The goose grass is known to the country people in Northamptonshire as pig tail, and in Yorkshire a name given to the fruit of the orange, oxycantha is bull horns. Many plant names have been suggested by the feathered race, particularly goose tongue, cuckoo buds (mentioned by Shakespeare), cuckoo flowers, stork's bill and crane's bill. One of the popular names of the arum is "parson in the pulpit" and a Devonshire term for the sweet scabiosa is "mournful widow." The campion is not infrequently called "plum pudding," and in the neighborhood of Torquay it is not unusual to hear fir cones spoken of as "oysters."—Gentlemen's Magazine.

#### Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's Romance.

A romance that has the charm of fiction about it, is told of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, the wife of the famous New York millionaire. She was at Newport, R. I., after her father had lost his money, with some friends, when the announcement that the rich son of William H. Vanderbilt would arrive that evening was made. Of course she had but few—most of them had been won, and she did not think that she could make an impression on any man if only she had a frock to wear. One of her friends volunteered to lend her a yellow silk. With great delight it was accepted; but the beauty's eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered with disappointment, when she discovered that on one side of the bodice and far down on the skirt extended a white stain. But was this to daunt a spirited girl? Certainly not. When the time came, and the gown was put on, she took a black lace shawl, but by some mistake had been put among her things, draped it about her in Spanish fashion, fastening it about the hem and on one shoulder with amber pins. An admirer had sent her a bunch of yellow roses, and with these and her black fan her costume was complete. She came, she saw, and she conquered. The wicked friend never forgave her her success in hiding the defects of the gown, or the lovely picture she presented when she stood before Mr. Vanderbilt, and the lookers on could read the admiration in his eyes. I don't know whether this story is true or not; it was told me and vouched for, and I like to think that, Cinderella like, the maid of the nineteenth century can, if she will, find her Prince.—New York Graphic.

#### Queer London Names.

Queer names certainly are found in the London, England, general registry of births, at Somerset House. For example, young scions of the families of Bath, Lamb, Jordan, Dew, Dear, and Smith are christened respectively Foot, Pascal, River, Morning, Offspring, and Smith Follows. Mr. Cox called his son Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo. Mr. Jewett, a noted huntman, named his Edward Byng Tally Ho Forward. A mortal that was evidently unwelcome is recorded as "One Too Many." Another of the same sort is "Not Wanted James." Children with six to ten names are frequent, but probably the longest name in the world, longer than that of any potentate, is attached to the child of Arthur Pepper, laundryman. The name of his daughter, born 1883, is Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Tereza Ulysia (sic) Venus Winfred Xenophon Yetty Zous Pepper—one title precisely for every letter of the alphabet.—Chicago Herald.

#### Astonishing Ignorance.

Speaking of the small circle in which even the greatest move, Lord Beaconsfield used to tell the story that Napoleon I., a year after he became Emperor, was determined to find out if there was any one in the world who had not heard of him. Within a fortnight the police of Paris had discovered a woodchopper at Montmartre, within Paris, who had never heard of the revolution, nor the death of Louis XVI., nor of the Emperor.—London Standard.

#### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Virtue is its own reward, and no questions asked.

Sham greatness, like bad money, is sure to be detected.

It is easier to overestimate than underestimate one's self.

Saying one thing and doing another burns the candle at both ends.

Kind feeling may be paid with kind feeling, but debts must be paid in hard cash.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

An opportunity is like a pin in the sweepings; you catch sight of it just as it flies away from you and gets buried again.

All the events of our life are materials out of which we may make what we will. He who has much spirit makes most of his life.

He who does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

What are sciences but maps of universal laws; and universal laws but the channels of universal power; and universal power but the outgoing of a universal mind?

Conversation never sits easier than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.

He who believes is strong. He who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain and wavering.

#### A Japanese Flower Holiday.

From an article by the artist Wores in the Century we quote the following: "The love of flowers in Japan amounts almost to adoration. They are inseparable from the life, art and literature of the people, and to deprive the Japanese of them would be to take the sunshine out of their lives. On one occasion I received through my young friend an invitation from his parents to accompany them on a visit to a very celebrated grove of plum trees that were then in full bloom. After an hour's ride in a 'jinrikisha,' or 'kuruma,' as these little man-carriages are more commonly called, we arrived at our destination, where great numbers of people were flocking from all points.

"The trees were one mass of fragrant and delicate pink blossoms. Hundreds of visitors in holiday attire were strolling about under the branches with extreme delight depicted on their countenances. Others again had spread rugs under the trees, where they were served with delicious tea from the neighboring tea house. The brightly clad children were dancing and frolicking in the shade of the blossoms, and a more perfect picture of sunshine and happiness can hardly be imagined. Innumerable little strips of paper fluttering amidst the blossoms attracted my attention. Miss Okiku informed me that it was the happy custom of the people to give vent to their delight on these occasions by inscribing poetic sentiments, too brief, perhaps, to be called poems, and hanging them up in the boughs. And, sure enough, as I looked about me, I observed several persons with paper and pocket inkstands in hand engaged in composing these little sonnets in praise of the blossoms.

"Yasumaru was at some pains to explain to me that these poetic effusions were supposed to be composed on the spot—that the expression, the form of the idea, was derived from the inspiration of the scene; but his father added, with a twinkle in his eye, that many came with their poems already prepared. I was honest enough to confess to the old gentleman that this proceeding was not altogether different from the habit of our after-dinner orators who surprise their friends with impromptu compositions, as the French put it a *laissez*; that is to say, at their ease. Some months later I painted a picture entitled 'Springs Inspiration,' in which two young girls are represented walking over the huge stepping-stones through a grove of blossoming plum trees and reading these poems; for, although it is not recorded that the Japanese lover takes this means of praising his Rosalind, none the less do Japanese maidens delight in passing from tree to tree perusing the fluttering inscriptions."

#### New Terrors to War.

With smokeless and noiseless powder, such as, it is claimed, has been invented in England, in the wars that are to be death will take on still more terrors. The first notice of the presence of an enemy will be in the sudden sinking down of men as though smitten by a pestilence. The sentry will die at his post and give no sign. The sun will shine down serenely while the battle rages, and no canopy will obscure the butchery. Battles will be silent executions, save when trumpets sound and furious men shout or wounded men moan. There will be nothing to kindle the battle ecstasy; no booming of holy worked guns will give notice where the battle is sorest. With the battle clamors and the battle canopy driven away, it will require more nerve to be a valiant soldier than ever before. The soldier will not only have to face the danger in sight, but also to contend with the terrors that his imagination will paint for him.—Salt Lake Tribune.